REGINA COLLI-AN EASTER ANTHEM.

BY CHABLES CURTZ HAHN.

Rejoice, O Queen of heaven, rejoice ! Th' angelic host let thy sweet voice
Lead in triumphant hymns of praise
For this most glorious day of days.
Alleluia!

For He whom thou in purity bore,
Alleluis!
Is risen; and the tomb no more
Can hold the faithful who will rise
With songs of triumph to the skies,
Alleluis!

He is risen! He is risen! Alleluin! Broken is the dark stone prison; Angele stand before the tomb; Easter light dispels its gloom, Alleluia!

He is risen. Loud we sing;
Alleluia!
But with anthems, upward wing
Plaintive minor cries to thee,
"Ora pro nobis," Star of the sea!
Alleluia.

AN EASTER BONNET;

Why Mrs. Philemon Kesterson Was Worried.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

OU haven't tried said Mr. Kester-"No," dismally.

your chop." "No." more dismally. "Nor tasted your coffee." "No," most dismally.

It was a very pretty room, that in which the Kestercons sat at breakfast. A big Persian rug partly covered the polished floor; there were sash curtains of China silk on the windows; the table was a miracle of snowiness, sparkle, and tempting viands; a bowl of violets stood on the low, tiled mantel, and over on a broad lounge in the baywindow kicked a little dimpled, rosy baby, Philemon Kesterson, Jr.
"My love, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing!"
"You are ill, Augusta, or you are

worried. Which is it?" Mrs. Kesterson rolled between her slim white fingers one of the ribbons

of her old-rose morning gown. "I'm w-worried," she replied, with quite a pathetic tremble in her voice. "Well?" queried her lord.

"I haven't any money!" broke out Mrs. Kesterson.

Philemon stared.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it is only five days since you drew \$50."

"1-I know, darling; but I saw such lovely faille selling at an absurdly low price. I thought it would be swindling you not to buy it. You'd have to pay so much more, if I should happen to need some in the future. Don't you see, love?"
Mr. Kesterson put his hands in his

pockets and leaned back in his chair. He had not been married long enough to make him either callous or irritable regarding requests for meney.

"Well, no. my dear; I can't exactly cay I do. What is it you need?"
"A new hat to wear Easter Sunday." Mr. Kesterson laughed. "Now, why

in the world do women always want a new bonnet for Easter? I don't buy a new hat because Lent is over. Well, well, how much will the bonnet cost?'

"I don't want a bonnet," corrected Mrs. Kesterson, "I want a hat. A bonnet makes one look so old."

Philemon smiled benignantly on the dimpled wild-rose face across the table, and thought it would be a peculiar head-dress which could impart to of cards. its curves and color an appearance of

"Well, a hat, then. How much?"
"I don't know, but I did see just the very one I want. It was in Palmer's window-the loveliest hat, all sagegreen velvet and surah, and the cuntingest little curly tips.'

Mr. Kesterson smiled more broadly. He rose. He kissed his wife.

"Money is very scarce, my dear, but I'll see-I'll see!" And he shrugged himself into his light spring overcoat and betook himself down-town.

If not exactly an old man's darling, Mrs. Kesterson was the adored wife of a man considerably older than herself. But than she was barely 20,

It was quite a chilly morning, and the draught circled through the car on which Mr. Kesterson rode to his place of business at a positively rheumatic rate; but Philemon was oblivious of such small discomforts. The consciousness of a kind deed contemplated seemed to keep his feet as well as his heart varm.

"Wonder if she thought me indifferent to her request. She'll know better this evening. Won't she be delighted, though?" And he rubbed his boarded chin in an eestasy of unticipation. Arrived at State street he turned in the direction of Palmer's millinery store. Within half a block of his des-



TWOM HAVES'S WOCKIEGO YOUR CHOIL DEAD," HE SAID.

tination he was startled by a sine on

A red lish glow, the very passed of a postly as a picture, in her many street, three, and her fractured have blocked passed from Philosophia boosts but her critically morned the name to had bought the wrong has street like. Then he considered that there are removed as took of doing when The experient passed delightfully.

more recent one.

going to buy my wife a bonnet—no, a hat."

that moment sighing for suitable head covering occurred to him.

"Women always do want new boxnets for Easter, don't they?' From the standpoint of a longer mat-

rimonial experience, Philemon, with decision, answered, "Yes." "Funny, ain't it?"

"Very.

"Guess I'll go with you. How do you know you'll get what your wife will like? "That's as easy as rolling off a log. She told me."

"Oh! Not a surprise, then?" "No.

When the two gentlemen entered Palmer's, Mr. Kesterson explained to the saleslady who waited upon them the particular features of the particular chapean his wife desired. At

least, he endeavored to describe them. "The color had two names," he said, "and, though I can't exactly remember them, I know I would if I were to hear them again.'

"Crushed strawberry?" she suggested.

"Harrison blue?" "No-o."

"Terra cotta?"

Mr. Kesterson wiped his forehead. He feared his friend was laughing at him, and he was becoming desperate. scribed to him! Hadu't she heard sians and the Finns at the festival of "Yes," he murmured, "I think that's

it-terra cotta."

"Dear me, yes." replied the salesbonnet before his ignorant eyes.

husband as himself, because a much shaped parcel on the sofa. "A new prise. She was so full of vivacity, of ore recent one.
"To tell you the truth, Kent, I'm toward it. "From Palmer's. How I she went up to her husband, and leanshould love to see it! I believe I shall take a peep. Dora and I are so inti- he sat bent and kissed him several Charley first laughed and looked mate she won't mind." So, according times. quizzical, then grew suddenly serious ly. two small gloved hands snapped "You as the possibility of his Dora being at the cord, removed the paper, took off the cover, and unswathed from its tissue-paper wrappings a green velvet hat all trimmed with surah and curly

"Oh!" she cried, "my hat!" For in imagination it had already been hers.



"MY HAT!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

She stooped to pick up the card which had fallen on the rug. In blank astonishment she read the line thereon. agony of doubt, bewilderment, misery. "Oh, then, this must be it," and she his writing-and his name! with his Franks under the Capets. Mutual brought from the showcase a trim little dear love-oh! But Dora would be presents were bestowed; and as the "Has it tips? She said the one she preferred had tips."

The said to their places in the box and found to the said to their places in the box and to the said lady, as she smilingly revolved the down her veil, let herself softly out of of fecundity and abundance, and we

ing over the back of the chair wherein

"You dear old Phil! I was cross to-night-wasn't I? 'And I didn't thank you for that beautiful bonnet!'

"But-" stammered Kesterson. "It is exactly the shade of the faile and I'll have my dress of that made up right away. It is a charming bonnet! You darling boy!"

Beamingly Mr. Kesterson received his delayed caresses. But he made up his mind at that moment that one never could understand a woman, and that it was no use trying to do so.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Kneeling beside her 'mid a kneeling throng In the dim twilight of the temple, where The Easter buds, scent laden, filled the air

The Easter buds, scent laden, filled the air With sweet aroma, and the solemn song. Low chanted, floated through the holy place, I watched the curtain of her melting eyes. Veil their soft radiance, and o'er that fair face Stole reverent stillness, as with gentle sighs. Sins from her sinless lips were soon confessed. (Ab, fairest saint, were all sins but as thine!) Then lifting her white forehead from its pillowed rest.

lowed rest.

Turning her sad sweet visage, pure with thought

divine.

She murmured, bending toward me as I sat, "Charles, Mrs. Smith yet wears her winter

An Ancient Custom.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom to universal in France and Germany and In wild suspicion she re-read it. In an | more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival she perused it again. Her husband of Easter. The Persians give each had sent Dora the very hat she had de- other eggs at the new year, the Rusrumors of his having been attentive to Easter. Among the Romans the year Dora long ago? But now! that was opened at Easter, as it did among the tied up the latter. Then she drew meaning is striking; eggs are the germs the house, and hurried home. There wish our friends all the blessings con-



"Twenty-five dollars." Kesterson gasped, but he went hero-

"How much?"



ically down in his pocket and counted "Think I'll take that one for Dora," said Kent, indicating an esthetic int in the window. And whom he had paid for it and given the address he and Kesterson walked out and over to Kinsley's, where on the strength of their good deeds they treated themselves to a very choice luncheou. Meanwhile the intelligent and diseriminating saleslady boxed and for-warded Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's terra-colta bounct to that ludy, but inclosed Mrs. Philemon Kesterson's

"Not at home?" "No ma'am but she will be soon. Wou't you step in and wait?"

card with Mrs. Charley Kent's green

velvet lini-

Mrs. Kesterson havitated. She was fatigned. The parker beyond with its gate portioner, its sparkling little tire. its general air of comfort and convens. was pand firstling. So she went in-

"Mrs. Kent said the would be buck. She went up to Dors and, began talks he four," said the servent and there my to be variety, cordially, affection-"Hallo, Keaterson! Where are you she gree the pathents and went away, stelly little world hear the goods main Mrs. Kaster-ire, replaid by the place, betting most the mistake their page

"All right, then. Give me a couple | she found awaiting her the terra-cotta | tained within the slender shell when f cards."

bonnet. "He didn't inclose any card we offer this gift, whose fragility On one he wrote the address and on to me!" she commented, bitterly! represents that of happiness here bethe other, "With my dear love. Phile- "Oh, no! Just sent me this ugly old low. The Edwans commenced their

pect of his reception, entered his home | mala," and we still say, to express gothat night he was confronted by a red- ing back to the commencement-beeyed, irresponsive, and resentful little ginning-ab ovo.

indy. "W-what is it, dearest? Didn't you get the-the hat?"

"No, I did'nt get the hat," retorted his wife, with a stinging emphasis on the pronoun, which was quite lost on her innocent spouse. "I got a hideous little bonnet."

"Wasn't it the one you described?" peried Philemon, aghast. A look of crushing scorn was the

only answer he received. That very evening, as mute and miserable they sat in the parlor, who should be ushered in but Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kent. And Mrs. Kent were her new hat. She to come! And wear it! The insolence of it made Mrs. Kesterson grow white as death. But what was that Charley Kent was saying in that rollicking voice of his?

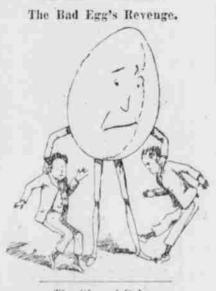
"Look here, Kesterson, the eard you wrote your wife to-day when we bankrupted ourselves on Easter bennets, they sent home in Dora's box." "Elt?" cried Philemon.



THE AND LABOUR BY REPORTED

his Kent was probably as indulgent a close. Her glasse felt on a possible. Philipper, leaked at his wife in sup-

repast with an egg, hence the pro-When Philemon, radiant at the pros- verbial phrase, "Ab ovo usque ad



The Simnel Cake.

A very curious old Easter custom in Shropshire and Herefordshire, Eng-Mrs. Kesterson gasped. The blood land, is to make a rich and expensive e one back from her heart with a rush, cake called a simuel cake. The cakes are raised and the crust is made of fine flour and water with enough saffron to give it a deep yellow color. The interior is filled with materials of a very rich plum cake, with plenty of candied lemon peel and other good things. They are made up very stiff, tied up in a cloth and boiled for several hours, after which they are brushed over with an egg and then baked. When ready for sale the crust is as hard as if made of wood, a circumstance which has given vise to various. stories of the manner in which they have at times been treated by persons to whom they were sent as presents, and who had, never seen one before, our ordering his simust to be boiled to enften it, and a lady taking bers for a foctated. They are mans of different

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